

stick, and it gives a sound that is far from harmonious, but it just serves to beat time with. To this they sometimes add the chichicoe, and in their war dances they likewise use a kind of fife, formed of a reed, which makes a shrill, harsh noise.

The whole assembly were by this time united, and the dance began. Several singers assisted the music with their voices, and the women joining in the chorus at certain intervals, they produce together a not unpleasing but savage harmony.

Carter Eth. Ann. II.

EXECUTION OF AN INDIAN.

Chokat Ebin, a full-blooded Creek Indian, kneeling before an open grave, divested of war-paint and feathers, and in view of all the members of the tribe, was shot by his father and brother for the murder of Lama Anthony, also a member of the Creek Nation. Two bits of lead, fired with unerring aim at the condemned man's heart, a toppling of the body into its last resting place—and justice, according to Creek notions, had been done.

The Creeks may be called partly civilized. Well-meaning persons with text books and Bibles, have labored at intervals with the object of teaching them a proper sense of their own misery, but neither primer nor catechism could efface from their minds their simple law about murder. It is that one who sheds the blood of a member of the tribe must die—either by his own hand or the hands of his relatives. Such was tribal law centuries ago, and so it will remain until the last Creek disappears.

There is no delay about an Indian trial. Appeals to higher courts, writs of error and writs of this and that are unknown in the simple code of the Creeks. The offender must be tried within four days. If he is found guilty he is set free and allowed to roam at will until the hour of his execution. Then he must go to the appointed place—and die. If he goes not promptly to his doom, then he will be burned at the stake. Such is the tribal law. But few condemned murderers have ever broken a parole.

It was a trivial enough thing that caused the murder—a senseless quarrel among braves—but Chokat was quick of temper and, in a frenzy of rage, shot and killed the object of his temporary hatred.

Self preservation is as much the first principle of a Creek's nature as of an animal's. Chokat sprang into his saddle and made for the Arkansas line. But it was inevitable that he should be captured.

The trial was neither picturesque nor sensational. In the old days, when tribal courts had full power, the murderer would have been tried before the assembled chiefs, the accusers on one side, the prisoner and his family on the other, and the braves around them all. But in these days of Indian agents, territorial courts, and all the other machinery that the Government sends to make Indians what they will not be, the offender is tried in much the same manner as similar persons are in civilized communities. So, after Chokat had been found guilty he was turned over to his tribe to be killed according to the Indian custom.

June 4 was the date decreed for the execution. Chokat went sullenly to his tepee.

According to all tradition he should have spent his last days in dignified preparation for his death. But the ways of Uncas and Chingagook were not the ways of Chokat. Not even the Indian's innate contempt for death remained. Chokat beat his squaw, kicked his children, lolled lazily in the sun,